

## FORD'S WIFE CRIES AGAINST BEING KEPT FROM HIS FUNERAL

Though Divorced, She Says He Was With Her Few Days Before He Died.

RECONCILED, SHE SAYS.

Intends to Defy Relatives and Appeal to the Law—Postpones an Operation.

Believing that she has been prevented by the orders of relatives of her divorced husband from seeing the body of the late J. Howard Ford, who died Monday evening at the Plaza Hotel, Mrs. Bertha Norlin Ford declared today that she meant to take legal steps to assert her right to see the body and attend the funeral Friday.

To this end Mrs. Ford postponed an operation which was to have been performed upon her to-day for a serious trouble, and despite the warning of a trustee nurse who has charge of her not to excite herself or even leave her apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria, will make another attempt to-day to see her former husband's body. Should her entrance into the funeral chamber again be barred she will consult a lawyer as to the status of a former wife in such cases.

**TROUBLE WITH HUSBAND A MISTAKE.**

"It is terrible, this thing—this treatment of me, this publicity," exclaimed Mrs. Ford, almost hysterically, when seen in her apartment to-day. She speaks with a slight German accent which is quite captivating.

"I have done nothing to Mr. Ford's family. Why shouldn't they grant me a privilege that they would gladly grant a servant in the family?"

"Howard and I had separated, that's true, but it had all been settled up—we had seen what a terrible mistake had been made. Why, it was at Mr. Ford's request—his urgent request—that I came to the States to have this operation performed. He wanted to see me before I had to meet the danger of an operation."

"We had tea together last Friday, and it was then that he told me of the plans for the operation. It was to have been performed to-day and he was to have dined with me. He was to have said 'goodbye' last evening. And now he is gone!"

"But I shall have my rights!" she exclaimed as her cheeks took on a high color and her eyes lighted up with a gleam of fire.

"I shall see my husband again before he is buried if I have to evoke the aid of the law. He would wish it, could he but say so, and I shall certainly pay a last tribute to one I love and who died still loving me."

**WON'T SPEAK OF HER MARITAL WOES.**

"You ask why the Ford family should assume this attitude toward me. That I can't understand. They knew of the reconciliation of my husband and me. They knew that we were still attached to one another. It is an awful shock."

"What of this terrible mistake?" Mrs. Ford was asked.

"I cannot speak of that," was her reply. "It is a personal matter between my late husband and myself. I am so tired—so worried."

The nurse admonished her to excite herself no further and the interview was ended.

The late J. Howard Ford and Mrs. Ford—who was Miss Bertha Norlin of Germany—were married in 1906. In the winter of 1911 Mrs. Ford left New York to visit relatives in Berlin. During her absence Mr. Ford is said to have found letters from a German baron in his wife's trunk. Then began a sensational chase almost around the world, which culminated when Mr. Ford obtained a divorce in 1912.

James B. Ford, Vice-President of the United States Rubber Company, a brother of the dead man, said when he heard of Mrs. Ford's complaint: "I have given nobody any order to prevent Mrs. Ford from seeing my brother's body or to prevent her from being present at the funeral. I am inclined to think that she may have been stopped by an employee of the hotel."

## Girl Back From 1,100-Mile Hike to Chicago Urges All Women to Walk for Their Health



A THIRSTY DAY

**Ines Moore Banghart Crossed Allegheny Mountains, Followed Towpaths, Railroad Tracks and Lonely Stretches of Country Roads, Marching Twenty-Five Miles a Day to the Music of Her Gypsy Castanets.**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

This is the story of a girl who walked from New York to Chicago. She is Miss Ines Moore Banghart, a tall young woman, without an ounce of superfluous flesh and with a buoyant erectness of carriage which is good to see in the midst of the present spasm of slouchiness. Across the Allegheny Mountains, along towpaths, over lonely stretches of railroad track, down country roads with a single guide, through welcoming cities with the escort of the mayor and a detachment of police—rain or shine, she "tramped it" for 1,100 miles, at an average of twenty-five miles a day.

On one day she made the really remarkable record of fifty-five miles between sunrise and supper time. And she arrived at her journey's end with a superlatively well body, a full purse and a store of golden memories of sun-warmed, rain-sweetened roads.

I found Miss Banghart at the Three Arts Club, No. 340 West Eighth-street, for she is a society entertainer as well as a record-breaking pedestrian and gypsy. One thing, however, she is not, and that's an Amazon. She has the figure of a schoolgirl; also large, rather dreamy blue eyes, soft masses of light brown hair and a particularly quiet, unself-conscious manner. One couldn't imagine a demure lady of the road.

Miss Banghart answers these questions before adding to her number. "I started on June 11," she detailed, obligingly, "from the New York City Hall. And I arrived in Chicago on Sept. 13. But I didn't walk every day. I planned my route beforehand, you see, and arranged for a series of guides all along the way, and also for a series of entertainments. I wanted to make my expenses, if possible. As a matter of fact, I made a good bit more. But when I read or lectured in the evening I couldn't precede it with a twenty-five-mile walk, and twenty-five miles was my average daily jaunt."

**TOOK NEARLY DIRECT LINE FOR THE WEST.**

"From New York I crossed over the river to Jersey City. Then I walked to Newark, then to Westfield, then to High Bridge, my last stop in New Jersey. From there I proceeded to Allentown, Pa., then to Slatington."

"I followed the Lehigh towpath to Millersburg, and found that one of the most delightful sections of my journey. I had such interesting conversations with the old lock-keepers. From Millersburg I went on to Harrisburg, and then I crossed the Alleghenies at Toledo. Then I moved on to South Bend, Ind., then to Hammond and finally to Chicago, where my mother and sister and brother met me."

"I never walked alone. I had arranged beforehand that one or sometimes two guides should be with me all the way. When one man reached the limits of the region with which he was familiar another relieved him. A good deal of the time we had a dog along."

**EVEN A SUFFRAGIST NEEDS AN ESCORT THEN.**

"I'm a suffragist," Miss Banghart interpolated, with a smile, "and I believe that women should go out in the world and do things. But I think there are limits to what we can accomplish. I don't consider that it would be either safe or decent for a woman to attempt a cross-continent walk alone."

"Did you have any disagreeable experiences?" I inquired.

"Once two rough-looking men followed us along a railroad track for a day and a half," she replied, with a



LANDING ON A ROAD

seriousness. "I really felt rather uncomfortable, although I had a pistol strapped around my waist."

As I previously remarked, Miss Banghart is not a natural-born Amazon.

"Nearly every one was pleasant to me," she continued, smiling. "In ever so many towns the Mayor came out to meet me and gave me an escort of police. I had such a delightful experience at Miller's Crossing, in Pennsylvania. When we reached there a lot of miners were enjoying a holiday. I ate dinner with them, a wonderful dinner with at least twenty-five courses heaped in big dishes on the long table. Then we all went out in a grove and had an impromptu party. Each of the men sang or did some stunt, and I read them some pieces I thought they'd like. It's one of my happiest memories."

**HOW SHE DRESSED FOR LONG TRAMP.**

"Some of the farmers' wives thought I must be a fortune teller or a travelling gypsy. But the men everywhere seemed to think I was performing a wonderful feat. You see," Miss Banghart added, with a deprecating smile, "the news of my enterprise travelled ahead of me, and I think the men expected to see a large and rather coarse person. Well, I'm not exactly enormous, you know! And I think they were rather amused at the contrast to their anticipations."

"What did you wear?"

"I had a khaki suit with the skirt as short as modesty permitted—it was about half-way between knee and ankle. I wore sandals, and above them leggings as a protection against snakes. I wore no socks or gloves, and I wore the time no hat. I carried nothing in my hands except a pair of Spanish castanets."

"Yes, castanets," Miss Banghart repeated, laughing at my amazement. "On the lonesome, monotonous stretches of road I found I could walk much better to a castanet tune. Some times I played a mouth organ instead. My luggage all went by train, except a lunch box and an emergency kit carried by my guide."

**AVOIDED MEAT, TEA AND COFFEE ON JOURNEY.**

"During my trip I ate no meat and drank no tea or coffee, as I consider all three stimulants and therefore to be avoided on a long, weary journey. I lived on eggs, milk, vegetables, salads, fruit and whole wheat or rye bread. I slept seven or eight hours every night, and usually rested a little while in the middle of the day. My record jaunt was from Wawaka, Ind., to South Bend, when I travelled fifty-five miles between sunrise and 8 o'clock in the evening."

"At night, as soon as I reached a hotel (I always spent the night at a hotel), I bathed my feet in warm water and then in cold salt water. Occasionally I used a solution of witchhazel. For several weeks before I started on my trip I trained by walking from five to ten miles a day in flat-heeled shoes that fitted my feet."

"Rainy weather never interfered with my daily tramp, nor did extreme heat. I enjoyed every minute, for I came so close to the people of the country and to the country itself. The joy of the road is something one can't describe; one can only feel it. And I made myself wonderfully well and strong."

"A girl couldn't have a more delightful vacation than a cross-continent tramp, properly chaperoned," ended this gypsy of twentieth century civilization.

But what, oh what, must Roman shades think of a chaperoned?

Off to take Albania's Throne. WALDENBURG, Saxony, March 4.—Prince William and Princess Sophie of Albania left here today for Albania after paying a farewell visit to the German Emperor and Empress. The prince was formerly Prince William of Wied, and after being chosen as the new ruler of Albania was invited on Feb. 21 by a delegation of Albanian notables to ascend the throne.

## RAID ON CATHEDRAL AND RESTAURANTS, THREAT OF W. W.

Tannenbaum Says He'll Fill St. Patrick's With Hebrews and Synagogues With Christians.

GET A FINE BREAKFAST.

Young and Pretty Women Act as Waitresses at Old St. Paul's.

With renewed hope of getting free champagne and turkey without doing more than demanding it, Frank Tannenbaum's "army of unemployed" besieged itself, 250 strong, this morning from the floors and benches of St. Paul's parish house, No. 87 Vesey street, as the sunshine of a glorious morning streamed through the windows.

The greater army of all night workers who crowd editorial, press, mail and stereotyping rooms of the big newspaper plants downtown were hustling home for "the hay," blinking as they accustomed their eyes to the brighter light after hours under the green glow of the Peter Cooper Hewitt lamps in the places where the news is put into print.

**BREAKFAST SERVED BY YOUNG AND PRETTY WOMEN.**

Tannenbaum's ragged battalion sat up and awaited breakfast. It was served by women, many of them young and pretty. They handed out this menu, which might have been placed on paper by a capable chef as "Dejeuner L'Anarchique."

100 sandwiches.  
130 loaves of bread.  
45 pounds corned beef; 500 rolls.  
Desert.  
Three bunches of bananas.  
25 pounds lump sugar.  
Coffee.

Everything disappeared except a part of the bread supply. The sugar that wasn't used in the coffee went away in pockets.

"We got only what we were entitled to," was the only expression of thanks uttered as the army walked out into the sunny streets. Theodore Freeman, one of Tannenbaum's lieutenants, said the next move of the army would be to enter the New York restaurant without pay.

Freeman's suggestion was received with applause, but the real "hit" of the evening was made by an automatic piano, operated by a corpulent young man, who must have reduced his weight to at least 500 pounds. Disposition broke out in the ranks of the "army" several times during the evening, and each time the piano failed to make a sound.

The Rev. Dr. W. M. Geer of St. Paul's was just silently congratulating himself on the success of his strange guests, not one of whom thanked him for his hospitality, when a red-faced young man suddenly darted forward, a sandwich in one hand. He was Harry Kline.

"I am one of the unemployed," he shouted, pointing at Harry Landwehr, and Harry Landwehr, a member of the I. W. W., "I insist that the architects shall sleep here. You, Landwehr, and you, Hartman, must stay here this evening. You can't leave here and then sneak away to your beds."

**DISSENSION NEARLY LEADS TO A RIOT.**

Instantly the place was in an uproar. L. W. W. leaders rushed forward and seized Kline. Landwehr, an Alsatian waiter, strode to the platform and, directing an accusing finger at Kline, yelled:

"He is my son. I mean I take a great interest in him. He is just like a brother to me. And then he accuses me because I want to go home. Why, I have four children. I have a wife and children. What would they do if I slept on a chair here? How would they feel? And then the stars and stripes are hoisted over him. He is an Anarchist. I'm not an individual Anarchist. I am a member of the Industrial Workers."

"Show me your card," demanded Kline.

"I can do that," retorted Landwehr. "But what I want to know is this: Are we not free men? Must I sleep here because I have a family? Must I sleep in the same hall with a demagogue? It is a shame. It is an outrage. If it is a question of unemployment, I will go home and get a job. What we want is sandwiches and coffee." Interrupted Freeman, who, with Tannenbaum, was trying desperately to sidetrack the outbreak.

"You ought to be ashamed," said Tannenbaum to Kline, who was excitedly munching his sandwich, while the astounded Dr. Geer and started curates of St. Paul's looked on as if they expected anything from an earthquake to a riot.

"He's a spy with the police," shouted Landwehr, and then he tore down upon the platform one Sam Hartman, an I. W. W. member who was one of those accused by Kline of being guilty of the heinous offense of living at home.

**LANDLADY TRUSTS HIM FOR TWO MONTHS' RENT.**

"The reason why I do not sleep here," said Hartman, "is that I've got a landlady who's good to me. I owe her two months' rent. If I do not show up at home, what would happen? She would think I had skipped. And at home I cannot stay. Therefore, I have eaten here to-night. But do you want me to stay away from my home when I owe the landlady? Not on your life!"

At that moment the corpulent young man started a lively air on the piano and the quarrel was drowned out. More dissension sprang up, however, when newspaper photog-

## DIVORCED WIFE WHO WILL TAKE LEGAL MEANS TO SEE DEAD HUSBAND



Mrs. J. Howard Ford

raphers took a flashlight just as three young men were passing through an aisle with platters containing sandwiches.

"Aha!" yelled Hartman. "Our church friends are showing off the bread they are giving us. They must have the bread in the picture, eh? They must show us up as objects of charity."

Dr. Geer indignantly protested that Hartman was "screwed," but the young I. W. W. member insisted that another picture be taken. When that had been done Hartman went home, to furnish an alibi for his landlady.

Although Tannenbaum insisted the "army" would be increased to 50,000 members within a few days, the general impression was that the dissension which Kline started broke the backbone of the "unemployed" movement in New York. Tannenbaum says he will enroll the unemployed, and both policemen entered the house. Mrs. Ineschmidt, McDonald and Rector swore, refused to leave, and called her aunt.

Both women assaulted them, the policemen said, and they were compelled to catch hold of their arms to defend themselves. Miss Betzeman was then placed under arrest for interfering with an officer and both women were walked to the East Fifty-first street station with a crowd trailing behind. Nicholas Betzeman followed his sister and his niece to the station house and was arrested there for creating a disturbance and interfering with an officer.

Mrs. Ineschmidt, her uncle and her aunt contradicted the policemen on all material points. They accused McDonald of undue officiousness, rudeness and actual assault.

Magistrate Barlow gave the case a full hearing. He said he believed Mrs. Ineschmidt had been guilty of disorderly conduct, but suspended sentence. He also believed the charges made against Mr. Betzeman and his sister, but discharged them because of their advanced age.

**Killed by Brooklyn Car.**

An unidentified man about sixty years old was killed early to-day by a Graham avenue car at Franklin and Eagle streets, Brooklyn. He slipped on the ice and fell in front of the car. He was clad in black, with a blue jumper, and had a pair of glasses with one missing lens in his pocket.

**TO VISIT CHRISTIAN CHURCHES AND SYNAGOGUES.**

An Evening World reporter asked young Frank Tannenbaum, leader of the "unemployed army," "Are you going to read anything but churches?"

"What do you mean—'raid'?" was the reply. "If by that word you mean to knock whistles and bells away on visiting the churches in New York, my reply is that we are. You can say for me that we are going to visit the Christian churches and the synagogues."

"We will fill St. Patrick's Cathedral with unemployed Hebrews and we will fill the synagogues with unemployed Christians," continued the Mayor. "This I. W. W. thing has played itself out. At least that is my opinion. If I am wrong I think we will be able to deal with the situation properly in New York. But you need not print situation with a capital S."

**FRECKLES**

February and March Worst Months for This Trouble—How to Remove Easily

There's a reason why nearly every body has freckles in February and March, but happily there is also a remedy for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

Simply get an ounce of othine, double strength, from your druggist and apply a little at night and morning, and in a few days you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for if not removed now they will stay all summer, and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Your money back if othine fails.

## STORM STARTS ROW; WOMAN SASSES POLICE AND GOES TO COURT

She Dared to Talk Back and is Held Guilty of Disorderly Action.

Two young policemen and three taxpaying citizens of the highest standing in their neighborhood figured in a two-hour controversy in Yorkville Police Court to-day, where Magistrate Barlow decided that Mrs. Emilie Koentz Isenschmidt was guilty of disorderly conduct and that her uncle, Nicholas Betzeman, a real estate dealer at No. 786 Third avenue, and her aunt, Anne Betzeman, a spinster, who were arrested with her yesterday evening, should be discharged on the same complaint.

Mrs. Isenschmidt is the wife of Samuel Isenschmidt, a lawyer. They live at No. 154 East Forty-seventh street, in the house in which Mrs. Isenschmidt was born. Mr. Betzeman and his sister also reside there.

Patrolman Michael McDonald of the East Fifty-first street station rang the bell of the Isenschmidt home late yesterday afternoon and ordered that the snow be removed from the sidewalk forthwith. As to subsequent happenings there is a wide divergence of views.

McDonald swore in court to-day that Mrs. Isenschmidt told him she would have the snow cleaned off when she got good and ready. He went to the corner of Third avenue, he said, and was talking there to Patrolman William Hecox when Mrs. Isenschmidt came along with her little daughter and began to berate him, telling him he wouldn't have a job but for taxpayers like herself, and criticizing his conduct. Finally, he said, he had to place her under arrest.

At her request he took her to her home that she might leave the little girl there. Rector accompanied him, and both policemen entered the house. Mrs. Isenschmidt, McDonald and Rector swore, refused to leave, and called her aunt.

Both women assaulted them, the policemen said, and they were compelled to catch hold of their arms to defend themselves. Miss Betzeman was then placed under arrest for interfering with an officer and both women were walked to the East Fifty-first street station with a crowd trailing behind. Nicholas Betzeman followed his sister and his niece to the station house and was arrested there for creating a disturbance and interfering with an officer.

Mrs. Ineschmidt, her uncle and her aunt contradicted the policemen on all material points. They accused McDonald of undue officiousness, rudeness and actual assault.

Magistrate Barlow gave the case a full hearing. He said he believed Mrs. Ineschmidt had been guilty of disorderly conduct, but suspended sentence. He also believed the charges made against Mr. Betzeman and his sister, but discharged them because of their advanced age.

**Killed by Brooklyn Car.**

An unidentified man about sixty years old was killed early to-day by a Graham avenue car at Franklin and Eagle streets, Brooklyn. He slipped on the ice and fell in front of the car. He was clad in black, with a blue jumper, and had a pair of glasses with one missing lens in his pocket.

**TO VISIT CHRISTIAN CHURCHES AND SYNAGOGUES.**

An Evening World reporter asked young Frank Tannenbaum, leader of the "unemployed army," "Are you going to read anything but churches?"

"What do you mean—'raid'?" was the reply. "If by that word you mean to knock whistles and bells away on visiting the churches in New York, my reply is that we are. You can say for me that we are going to visit the Christian churches and the synagogues."

"We will fill St. Patrick's Cathedral with unemployed Hebrews and we will fill the synagogues with unemployed Christians," continued the Mayor. "This I. W. W. thing has played itself out. At least that is my opinion. If I am wrong I think we will be able to deal with the situation properly in New York. But you need not print situation with a capital S."

**FRECKLES**

February and March Worst Months for This Trouble—How to Remove Easily

There's a reason why nearly every body has freckles in February and March, but happily there is also a remedy for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

Simply get an ounce of othine, double strength, from your druggist and apply a little at night and morning, and in a few days you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for if not removed now they will stay all summer, and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Your money back if othine fails.

**FRECKLES**

February and March Worst Months for This Trouble—How to Remove Easily

There's a reason why nearly every body has freckles in February and March, but happily there is also a remedy for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

Simply get an ounce of othine, double strength, from your druggist and apply a little at night and morning, and in a few days you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for if not removed now they will stay all summer, and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Your money back if othine fails.

**RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY**  
and Bladder Specialist treats successfully all cases of rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles. No operations or dangerous drugs. Consultation Free. Privacy Assured. Room 528 47 West 34th St., N. Y.

## The Famous Chocolate Laxative

# EX-LAX

## Relieves Constipation

## Helps Digestion

## Keeps the Blood Pure

Ex-Lax is a delicious chocolate laxative recommended by physicians as a mild yet positive remedy for constipation in all its forms. Ex-Lax has made thousands happy. A 10c box will prove its value—at all druggists.